A

LETTER

Sent to

Mr. Henry Stubbe,

WHEREIN

The Galenical METHOD & MEDICAMENTS,

As likewise

BLOUD-LETTING in particular,

Are offered to be proved ineffectual, or destructive to Mankinde; by Experimental Demonstrations.

Also his ANSWER thereunto by Letter;

On which Animadversions are made

By GEO. THOMSON, Dr. of Physick,

By whom is added

A Vindication of his STOMACK-ESSENCE, or ALEXI-STOMACHON,

And other really-powerful REMEDIES,

From the malicious Slanders and active Ignorance of the GALENISTS.

LONDON:

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A

LETTER

Sent to

Mr. Henry Stubbe.

SIR,

HAd not one Affliction upon the neck of another (like Waves of the Sea) ruſhed in of late upon me, to the obſcuration, yea even almoſt ſubverſion of the Intellectual Faculties of my Soul; I had ere this retorted to your Reply, and by a Chymical tryal diſcovered your malicious, ſcurrilous, falſe aſperſions, caſt upon this noble Science of Curing Directly, and the true Profeſſors thereof.

Now ſith it hath pleaſed the Omnipotent to give me an extraordinary Evaſion out of the greateſt Calamities I ever yet ſuſtained, being reſtored in ſome meaſure to my former Health, and a more compoſed Minde: I am firmly reſolved, if you ſtand not to the Teſt, as to make good practically what you have divulged againſt me in your Epiſtolary Diſcourſe, to publiſh your ſophiſtical, impertinent, frivolous Arguments of Bloud-Letting: Your diſtortion of the ſolid genuine ſence of thoſe Reaſons I have declared againſt it: Your omiſſion of anſwering to purpoſe that which I moſt inſiſt upon, for the Confutation of the Galenical Hypotheſes in the Radical Cure of Diſeaſes: Your implicite conceſſions, or ſubtile compliance, with ſome Objections I bring againſt Phleborotomy, yet a wrangling oppoſition made by you againſt the ſame: Your uſeleſs cavlis about punctilio's or words, when you neglect the reality of the main matter in Controverſie. Laſtly, your raillery and abuſive language againſt thoſe whoſe actions deſerve not the leaſt opprobrious ſpeech from you.

1. Be assured 'tis not your artificial, wily Disputations, the copious citation of Authors of the same opinion with your self, your Rhetorical Terms, your Philologie, or rather much babbling, to the confusion of the thoughts of those who desire to be duly informed concerning the Nature of Things; your confident mercenary scribling undertakings in the behalf of a company of disingenious Galenists, shall ever run me down (as you brag) or dispossess me of the Truth of that Science, in which my own and multitude of others senses have experimentally instructed me.

Till you convince me this way by Medicinal Actions deliberately entred upon, performed judiciously, you will never prevail with upright understanding Persons so far as to harbour any other belief, but that you and your Abettors aim at your own unworthy interest, rather then the fundamental Cure of Diseases.

Wherefore, if in this particular ye desire to cleer your selves (of what is yet deservedly laid to your charge) let me supplicate you and the Incensors of your hired Pen (as ye have any kindness for your King and Country) to give me leave practically to exhibite before your eyes the legitimate sincere way of Curing, by having regard to efficient central Causes of all Diseases, without this circumcising Bloud-letting, as I have stated it.

If then you will vouchsafe candidly to see what may be done solidly beyond your botching method, by those whose Souls after they were taught better things (by a plain search into Nature) abhorred to commit the facture of Remedies (which principally belongs to the Physitian) to meer lucrifick Apothecaries, we may have great hopes there will be an end put to these Heats and Animosities between us.

For 'tis not your Malignant Accusation you lay to the Lord *Bacon* as *Flagitious*, can invalidate his experimental Philosophy; nor that effeminate or childish allegation against *Van Helmont*, to wit, *that his Neighbours in the same Street knew him not, when he was enquired after by Dr* Kratt, (perhaps such a crafty —— as your self) will move any one intuitively intelligent, to disesteem so noble a Philosopher, beloved of Heaven above others; to whom was granted the greatest inspection into Nature, above any we are this day acquainted with, as I can make evident if need be.

In truth, these Hypochondriack flatuous outrages of yours do not at all obscure these Heroes, yet they much Eclipse your own parts. Indeed you are herein to be pitty'd, that you should suffer your self thus willingly to be hurried away by your pettilent inordinate Passions, to the prejudice of your better part, the disparagement of Learning, and the evil contagion of others.

This alone was a sufficient Testimony to me, that you was obstinately bent to oppose me (right or wrong) as soon as I heard (some months before the Edition of your Papers) by a faithful friend (having expostulated this Matter, withal reproved you for calling me *Mountebank*, as likewise reprehended your designe to write against my Physical Assertions) what your excuse was (your own heart being

ing conſcious of unhandſome dealing in the thing) *that you were put upon it to gratifie your* (Hyperbolically extolled) *Patron, and ſo could not avoid it.* Is this worthy of a *Philalethes* to become a Mercenary, to betary the moſt precious things exiſtent, in hope for this obedience to acquire ſome Secular preferment or recompence?

Certainly Mr. *Stubbe*, you cannot but know your large Talent was concredited to you for more illuſtrious Ends, then chiefly to gain a Temporary felicity here.

However, although you have adventured upon an unjuſt Cauſe (as I conceive) by the Inſtigation of ſome Miſochymiſts, yet admit but a Pyrotechnical Tryal, that the moſt ingenious of men may be aſſured who of us is miſtaken: I'll engage (ſhould you be worſted) to paſs by all your Obloquies, yea, to ſollicite thoſe whom you have wronged by your virulent Tongue, to do the ſame upon your ſerious Reſipiſcence, which will infallibly bring you in a greater reward then your Patron will ever purchaſe for you, how ſpecious ſoever pretences may be made.

Neither let your inconſiderable thoughts you entertain of me, take you off from the direct experimental Indagation after ſanative verity; ſith you who have beſtowed ſo much time and ſtudy in the Theory for the verbally retelling my Arguments (ſo that you are forced to confeſs ridiculouſly (pretending your *ſelf not able to comprehend my language*) *you never under-went a more difficult Task in your life*) ſhould not methinks ſhrink back in driving home and making good all your Reaſons really by matter of Fact to my final Deſtruction, which might (if your abilities do permit) be effected with far leſs *Reluctancie*, *Conſtraint* or *Penance*, then the late Work you undertook, conſidering till then the wiſer ſort will look upon you as a company of onely wording Phyſicians, deſtitute of wholeſome Works.

One thing is very obſervable through your whole Diſcourſe, that whenſoever you are every way beſet by ſolid Truths, in ſo much that no way is left to get out; then you fall into ſcurrilous, abuſive terms, as *Baconface*, *Ignoramus*, *Mountebank*, *Quack-ſalver*, *Canting*, and the like Sarcaſmical expreſſions; as if to call one all to naught, were enough to make me guilty, though never ſo innocent: I wiſh theſe rude Appellations were onely faſtned on them who moſt properly may lay claim to them.

But among all your malicious Obloquies, I wonder with what face you can pronounce me a pretender to Phyſick and Chymiſtry, or illiterate, ſith none unleſs ſome abominable ſlanderer, could ever juſtly tax me of ſerious premeditated diſſimulation in my Religion, Profeſſion, Manners, or Converſation. This candor and charity of ſpirit hath been not a little diſadvantagious to me, as to a ſecular profit, which the Galeniſts prefer before all. This one of the Society (if he would confeſs it) knows to be true (*i. e.* Dr. *Tern*) who was pleaſed ſixteen years retrograde from this time, to applaud me publickly for a very *Able Phyſician*; although now he ſeeks cloſely to diſcredit me, and declaim againſt my Remedies

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as too *Hot and Strong*. Notwithstanding, thus much I must be bold to tell him, that this *weak, frigid* opinion of his concerning my Medicaments, arises from an imbecility of his sight, not able to penetrate into the Causes of Natural Things; which infirmity (his beloved interest will hardly ever suffer to be cured. Thus the blinde leads the blinde, and so the people will have it (as they say.)

Moreover, my grand enemy your Patron (in obedience to whom you wrote this Polylogical Treatise, without any proportionable improvement of the Readers Intellectuals) testified of me to his Apothecary above thirty years past, that I was a very good Scholar for my time: for having not long before left the common Schools, finding an inclination to the studie of Physick, led by Divine Providence, I directly pitched upon this most eminent Art, having neither before nor after affected any other Vocation.

Thus making some progress in this Medicinal Studie, Mr. *Dowtie* (in whose house we had Winter-lodgings) willing to oblige my Father, told him that (seeing I was desirous to acquire knowledge in Physick) he doubted not but his Brother-in-Law, your new Protector, would for his sake instruct me to that end.

But alas, I came short of what my friend intended: for I found this *Phœnix* of a Doctor (as you proclaim him, endued with such a haughty minde, that I could not by any means endure his imperious deportment a little above a Fortnight.

Wherefore according to Dr. *Read's* advice, who then lay Bedrid in the same house, I betook my self to private studies: The troublesome times, and my Fathers death, not permitting me to go to our Universities at that present; yet afterwards coming out of *France*, I steered my course for *Weymouth*, intending for *Oxford*, but by the transverse Marching of the Earl of *Essex*, I was driven the quite contrary way into *Cornwal*; from whence returning after the Victory there obtained by that good King, I was (according to Fate) taken Prisoner at the last fight at *Newbery* by the Parliament-Forces; afterwards I was brought up to *London*, and clapt up in the *Fleet*, where I continued immur'd up some Months, five Weeks of which I was dangerously sick. All this while I in no wise neglected to follow my Study in Physick, as opportunities would permit.

At length having attained a competent knowledge in Physiologie, I addressed my self above twenty three years ago, to be examined by the Colledge of *London*-Physicians, Dr. *Clark* being then ordained President, Dr. *Prujean*, Dr. *Hamey*, Dr. *Micklethwait*, Censors; who approving my abilities to practise, told me that they would confer upon me a Testimony thereof, if I paid such a sum of money demanded by them for my License: which excessive demand, when I saw them so ridgidly insist upon to the utmost farthing, considering what little advantage I should reap by this Commission from them; I entertained the counsel of one of their Seniors, and so with all speed betook my self, according to his advice, to *Leyden*, where I had been formerly conversant (where my Friend and divers Collegiates had been graduated) to obtain a Degree *ex condigno*, purchased upon better terms

terms then many of our Philoſophaſters and Medicaſters acquire it here.

Thus performing all things decently, and in order, for the credit of my Profeſſion (ſo far as my ability would allow) ſtill keeping within my breaſt a loyal and honeſt Soul in the height of temptations, giving every one his due without conſtraint, abhorring to joyn with any Faction to magnifie or depend upon a rebellious politick Patron for my own baſe ends, to the injury of my King and Country: I made a conſtant proceedure in that Philoſophy I conceived moſt uſeful or beneficial for mans life, without applying my ſelf to the gratifying thoſe *Præco's*, who meaſure the worth of Phyſicians, according to the numbers and length of Bills preſcribed.

In this manner I lived obſcure fourteen or fifteen years, always deteſting to proſtitute my ſelf or the Art to thoſe Sollicitors or Procurers of Practice, whom I knew, if I would feed often with a long Bill (as other Practitioners did) they would cry up my name aloud; neither ſhould I then be in danger of incurring the fate of *Van Helmont*, *not to be known where in what ſtreet ſoever I lived:* Neither could I diſpence with time-ſerving *Humors*, as moſt of the Galeniſts did for their ſordid gain.

However, I was always ſedulous to obſerve the kindely effects of Galenical and Chymical Remedies, ſome of which I made with my own hands, before I entred upon publick practice, others were recommended unto me by an honeſt ſufficient Phyſician, my very loving friend, formerly an accurate Apothecary; but at length forced to give over his Trade, by reaſon of the perſecution which the Collegiates brought upon him for making *Lac Sulphuris*, a ſafe Prevalent Medicament, as he ordered it.

Having made many repeated Experiments concerning the vertue of the Galenical and Chymical preparations, weighing all circumſtances belonging to each indifferently; I was ſatisfactorily convinced that the laſt, though of the ordinary Claſs, did far ſurpaſs the former in all Contumacious Diſeaſes.

I ingeniouſly confeſs, I had great kindneſs (upon my firſt Hiatrick onſet) for Bloud-letting, eſteeming it moſt powerful to rid away the Morbifick Matter, according to that Doctrine (but falſe) of the Schools I had imbibed. At length, being clearly convinced by experiment often made upon my ſelf and others of its treacherous effects, I totally rejected it upon the account of Evacuation and Revulſion.

Hereupon I was ſtrongly induced, through the importunate Dictates of my Soul, to diſſwade others from this fallacious, yea, pernicious way of Curing; alſo to excite thoſe who are cordially ſollicitous for mans health, to put out themſelves to the utmoſt in the ſearch after better means, far more able to extirpate Maladies then Sanguimiſſion, without any conſiderable imparing the ſtrength (as I can indicate.)

For this Reaſon you unworthily detract from me, reviling me with taunting language, without any further ſcrutiny into matter of Fact; which I muſt court

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or urge you to, that I may cleer my self, and certifie who is illiterate (as to the knowledge of things) conducible to our better State (for that's the principal end of Language) or who of us is the pretender to the Art of Physick or Chymistry, that ingenious men may understand the meaning of those terms, which you (like a cunning Gipsie, hoping thereby to suggest to the Reader, that no matter of Moment is contained in the whole Tenour of my words) call *Canting*: The *Efficacie* or *Inefficacie*, the Innocence or Nocence of the *Stom. Esse. alias*, stiled by you *Pepper-drops*, which you maliciously, ignorantly vilifie, to gratifie the Apothecaries, and their poor-spirited Doctors, who are forced in this Exigence to truckle, to close in, and to carry fair with those whom I am certain they cordially hate.

Neither shall I at present use better Arguments to instigate you to this laudable *Galeno*-Chymical tryal, then those proceeding from your own mouth; thus declaring: *It is a saying in the Civil Law*, Plus valet umbra Experti Senis quàm Eloquentia Juvenis; *and those Philosophers which would upon certain prejudicate Opinions and pretences of Reason determine of Medicinal cases, are exploded even by* Galen. *Nothing is firm in Physick, but what is confirmed by a happy experience. And 'tis an Imbecillity in judgement (saith the great Stagyrite) to desert Experience, and adhere to Reason.* I assure you, Sir, if you lay aside your *Multiloquie*, your boasting of particulars, rarely happening instances or examples of Cures past; if you wave your mustering and summoning in Authors like to like, insignificant as to confute any sagacious Philosophers senses: If you forbear your raillery, (which I fear will hardly be done, being so natural to you) and adhere to several equal Experiments which you or my self shall propose; I protest I will kiss your hand, and altogether expunge out of my thoughts any Animosities you have given me cause to harbour against you.

Wherefore I shall endeavour what possible to stop all your starting holes, leaving but one passage, which will undoubtedly lead us in the direct way of Truth, and speedily decide our Controversies. In the first place, I courteously offer to you some Essaies, tending to the discovery of the Efficacie or Inefficacie of Bloud-letting, according to those suppositions you have set down in your Epistolary Discourse.

Chuse you one of a full Athletick habit of Body, afflicted with an Acute or Chronick Disease; order him according to your Method, by a previous Sanguimission: Let us hear before your first attempt of a hopeful Cure, what immediate solace or real asswagement introductory to a sound future recovery from this or that sickness (barring *Opium*) you can promise, in what time you can judiciously engage the danger of the Disease to be past, likewise secure (seldom erring) the Patient from any tedious infirmity, as Ague, Dropsie, Scurvy, Consumption, commonly ensuing an Acute Grief.

Be pleased in like manner to destinate to my share one equally Plethorick also, every way affected as your aforesaid sick person, so nigh as we can deem, whom I shall undertake to handle (without the emission of Bloud) so as to give you some

ſome ſpeedy Alleviation to a purpoſe (without offering him any Papaverous preparation.)

I ſhall alſo deliver a ſatisfactory prediction concerning the event of the Malady; then let indifferent Judges cenſure us according to the performances of ſuch, who takes the right Method of Curing by moving the Cauſe of the Diſeaſe radically, and by preſerving the ſtrength proportionally. Thus will we proceed to reiterated Probations.

I once again earneſtly preſs you to accept of the juſt and ſtrict diviſion of the Hoſpital ſick wretches into two parts (the priviledge of the Election of one half being allowed to you) then will we fall to our Work, demonſtrating who according to your great *Stagyrite* is guilty of imbecility of judgement.

Moreover I conjure you, if you have any Piety, Honeſty or Sobriety in your Actions, to entertain ſome of thoſe equitable experimental Propoſals, deſcribed in *Hematiaſ.* Pag. 117,118,119,120,121.

Thus omitting an empty noiſe of vain-glorious bragging of thoſe Experiments we have perhaps, like good old Women, atchieved in reference to the Cure of poor Mortals; we will conclude to be tryed judiciouſly whether we are able to undertake and accompliſh our Cures, with as much certainty as an expert Mechanick can oblige to make a good Watch, or the like Engine, being ſeldom miſtaken therein.

By this means it will be detected, whether Bloud-letting doth for the moſt part, hit the mark of Sanation according to Election and Diſcretion; or whether it be introductory (as you have aſſerted) for the extirpation of Diſeaſes, which in deſpight of all Opponents I can maintain to be generally ſeated in the Stomack, Spleen, or parts adjacent.

Hence it will appear whether it be any whit proper to let out the Vital Juyce in the Plague; which that you, or any late Fugitives, ſhould ſtand up for being altogether a ſtranger ſenſibly to its Nature, argues tranſcendent Ignorance, and ſuperlative Impudence.

Hence we ſhall finally diſcuſs, whether letting out the Bloud in the Small Pox be not far more dangerous and leſs effectual for a fundamental Cure, then the keeping it in; and ſo rather to truſt to excellent Medicaments, which may ſafely diſcharge the Stomack of Impurities, ſweeten Acidities, allay a ſuper-Fermentation or Ebullition of the Bloud, hinder its Coagulation, mortifie the Malignity, ſcatter a great part of the Peccant Matter inſenſibly, keep up ſtrongly the Vital Spirits, withal cauſe the leſs Scars to enſue in the Skin.

I hope I ſhall hereby vindicate my Remedies from your virulent Slanders, in particular, the Stomack-Eſſence, ſcoffingly called by you *Pepper-drops*, which being full of Salt, the unſavory Galeniſts ſtand in great need of (although their pride will not ſuffer them to make uſe of it) for the preſervation of their ſuſpected Fame from an ill Odour.

This Remedy I queſtion not to protect, maugre all oppoſitions, as the moſt in-

 nocent

nocent, prevalent Remedy in Healing, above any preparation which may be purchased at so easie a rate in *England*.

In this civil, most commendable, reasonable, useful, practical Contest, it will come to light whether the Galenists can in any Adequate Measure overcome those Atrocious Calamities of Body, which at this day rage among us, without the help of Chymical Medicaments; the Oblation of which they oftentimes make secretly to their Patients, attributing the happy success coming upon them, to their feculent Galenical Mixtures (yet railing against publickly, and condemning the former, being the best flower in their Garden, ready to help them at a dead lift.)

By this means it will be made evident what a vast difference there is between *Oleum Vitrioli*, *Sulphuris*, *Mercur. Dulc. Præcipi. Rub. & Alb. Turb. Mixer. Croc. Metallo. Spiri. Sal. vulg.* the use whereof I have many years ago quite left off, for as much as they are justly suspected as hazardous, in comparison of others Philosophically handled, as *Essent. Stomachi*, *Pil. Polycre. noſt. Pul. Pestifug. Tinctur. Emetic. Pulv. Emeto. Cathar. Pil. Emeto. Cathar. Tinctur. Polyace*, *Potio noſtra Cardia. Tinctur. Alexiter.* &c.

We shall hereby detect whether *Van Helmont* ought to be esteemed an *Intelligent person in Physick*, a *person of credit*, or a *man of practice*; although you rashly impeach him of the contrary.

Adde to this, whether I can make an Experiment (against which your bare Negative will never prevail) that you are a most egregious notorious ———

Lastly, it will be discloſed, who (the Galenists, or true Philosophical Chymists) properly deserve the scurrilous names you throw upon us, as *Mountebanks*, *Quacksalvers*, &c. If you fly to poor shifts, or trivial excuses, obstinately refusing these prudential, sober, serious and candid wayes of informing our selves and others experimentally for the ease of their Griefs: If you Apostatize from what you have positively expressed in *Pag.* 22. before recited, and several other places of your Discourse; I have advisedly determined to put your Reply into a Retort, severly to prove what Metal the Brethren of the *Good Old Cause* are made of, whether they be not over-valu'd by opinionated persons, who oftentimes respect a glittering gilded outside, rather then an intrinsecal value. Hereupon I shall make known if so be multitude of Patients be any solid Argument (as you would have it) that *Ergo* the Galenists must needs be the best Practitioners in Physick, sith then Sir *Richard Barker* and others suchlike, frequented by a numerous company of all sorts of sick people, must by necessity of the same Reason be reckoned amongst the best Physicians.

In conclusion, we shall by the Magical Power of this Pyrotechnie finde out who are worthily censured Pretenders to this excellent Art. Farewel, may you so prosper as you favour this Heroick Experimental Enterprise.

The

The POSTSCRIPT.

SIR,

IF you pleaſe to forbear your Viperous words till an opportune ſeaſon of procuring Vipers, and then to admit that we fall to our Work of making Experiments, who of us can moſt skilfully and expeditely Cure himſelf bitten by a Viper; afterwards to proceed to Eſſayes in the like manner upon others: wherein if you get the Victory after frequent repetition of this kinde, I ſhall freely acknowledge your relation of the Effects of the biting of a Viper, and the Cure thereof, to be taken notice of as *Strange*; otherwiſe I ſhall eſteem it ſo vulgar, that an old Woman, any whit verſed herein, would ſcorn to have ſuffered the ſad ſymptoms (of this poyſoned Poor Man to continue ſo long) or new and *ſtrange* ones to appear ſome days after.

From Dukes-place *in* Shoomakers-row *nigh* Algate. *Geo. Thomſon.*

An incloſed Note ſent with the Letter.

SIR,

I Expect a ſpeedy Anſwer from your voluble Pen, either that you will retract your falſities you have venditated againſt this Noble Chymical Science, & the faithful Aſſertors thereof, or that you will give way that I may demonſtrate by real performances the verity of our Philoſophical Tenents: And look what meaſure of Ingenuity, Candor, Sincerity, or Civility I receive from any Galeniſts, the ſame I ſhall endeavour to retribute to him duplicated: If you deny me this becoming modeſt requeſt, then blame me not if I ſeek for a Remedie where I can beſt finde it.

Yours G. T.

Mr. *Stubbe's* Answer.

SIR,

SInce I have been so happy as to meet with your Letter as soon as it arrived, and that my present leisure is such that I may read it over, and imploy an hour in answering it, lest my self should create in you an opinion of my incivility, or furnish your arrogance with materials for an imaginary triumph; If you consider the language you have used indefinitely against those Physicians, called Galenists, and that method of practice which the Edicts of so many Emperours assure us to have been heretofore beneficial, and which the happy experience of so many judicious persons during so many Ages, and the successfulness whereof in my own practice hath endear'd unto me, under the Character of the prosperous as well as rational: If you consider this, you cannot complain of any incivility in my Writings, nor complain of any indignity put upon you, since your general deportment, and particular contumelies against me, do sufficiently vindicate me to any indifferent persons.

If Mr. Dover *told you, that he expostulated with, or reproved me for any thing in relation to you; I conceive our discourse is represented otherwise then it really was: I remember no such passages; nor did he express himself as your friend, but as your acquaintance. I did tell him (though I cannot set down the particular words) that I would not have written against you now, but that I was importuned thereunto by some eminent Physicians of the Colledge, who had rendred me so considerable a support against the malice of those most disingenuous and barbarous* Vertuosi, *that I ought not to refuse them so small and inconsiderable an acknowledgement: He might have told you with what contempt I look'd on your book against me; I thought my self unconcern'd in that Rhapsody made up of Ignorance, Impertinence, and Untruth: As little did I value your Treatise of Phlebotomy, wherein as I was not particularly interessed, so I thought the publick Method of Physick could receive no prejudice by such a despicable Pamphlet, the language whereof was not to be comprehended by the illiterate, nor the sense by any mortal. Upon this account it was that I expressed my unwillingness to meddle with you, and no other: But the judgement of more intelligent persons did over-sway me; they told me of the growth of the Helmontian principles amongst the ignorant and indiscreet Novellists; that some* Vertuosi *did abet the opinion which disswades Phlebotomy, and that even Truth was sometimes over-born by noise and a crowd: and I my self thought it an illegal and intolerable procedure, for*

you

you to advance the Baconical Ignoramus's to a Judicature wherein our Law hath placed the prudent and learned Colledge of Physicians.

You see now that there is little of advantage to be derived unto you from my unwillingness to encounter you: and I must tell you, that I was no way hired or mercenarily engaged to do what I did: All that know me, can ascertain you that I am not a man of such principles: and this is an untruth, which if Glanvile, or any other Virtuoso suggested unto you, you did ill to believe so notorious Lyers. It is also necessary that I tell you, that Sir Alexander Fraser neither incited me against you, nor knew of the undertaking, nor understood of the Dedication, until he saw the printed Book: the Epistolary Treatise was writ unto another, though afterwards entitled unto that excellent and learned Physician.

What Truth there is in the account you give of your self, I know not: all that I can collect from the Character my learned Patron gave you, is, that you were once a proficient in Literature, during your being at School; and if Dr. Terne, or any of the Colledge had ever any favourable opinion of your abilities, as I know not the grounds they went upon, so I may be excused from concurring with them in that Judgement, when I am certain they must have changed it, or have other motives to continue it, then what your writings do suggest; and till I be acquainted with them, I must be excused for adhering to my present convictions.

What is meant at Leyden by a Doctorate ex condigno, I do not comprehend: 'tis enough to justifie all I say, that you purchased it, whatever it be: If it be more then a Diploma, you did your self wrong, not to inform the World better: and let the thing import what you please, you do not acquaint me yet, that you performed any Exercise for it: As little doth it appear that ever you were competently acquainted with the Galenical way; 'tis not a practice to be learned out of one or two Books, especially such as are in vogue: I know not whether you were sufficiently instructed in that Physiology whereon our Practice is established: I know not, if you understood our Diagnosticks, Prognosticks, and Method: and if you did not (as I dare presume you never did) your censures of the Galenical way, your desertion of it, and your adherence to the Helmontians, signifie nothing, except when you harangue it amongst the Populace.

I pass by how you were mistaken in your defence of the Lord Bacon, whose ignorance in many subjects whereupon he descanted, and whose falshood in relations and experiments, I could demonstrate by a thousand instances. In the point of Phlebotomy, you cannot with any confidence say but that you understood not what were the effects of Phlebotomy, and what we designed in that Operation; except you likewise grant that you were false to your own thoughts: for your Writings are full of palpable mistakes upon this subject. I have not injured you in the repeating of any Argument of yours, to my knowledge: I am sure I never intended it: and I think my Replies are so full and plain, that none can except against them, but such as are swayed by their Will, not Reason: I have taken up no precarious principles against you, nor supported weak Argumentations with Authorities: I justifie matter of fact, by the depositions of unblameable

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Witnesses, the truth of whose Testimonies is warranted by all judicious Practitioners of this Age; and which you may see verified in the Hospitals at Padua, Auspurgh, Paris, *and wheresoever the true Galenists do act. If I thought there were any higher degree of Moral Assurance then I deduce from the Principles I lay down, I would relinquish my present sentiments: but I speak it upon tryal of both Methods, and upon the use of as generous Medicaments as most of the Chymists do boast of, that the most secure and beneficial course to the Patient, is that which the Galenical Physicians pursue, and which the Laws encourage. I add this last Clause, to let you know the danger you run in your* Arcana; *for if you do not adhere in your Cures to the* Traditiones Artis, *it is as certain that you must answer with your life according to Law for the death of any expiring Patient, as 'tis certain that Chymistry, and that your Chymistry hath no* Traditiones Artis; *nor hath the practice of your Predecessors been so successful as to give that Immethodical rash procedure the name of an Art. Inform your self from the determination of the Civil Magistrates in all* Europe, *what repute your Chymists are in: Are they not proscribed in* Denmark, *and* Germany, *as Impostors, and persons of a most unhappy practice? If you will have but patience till Spring, I hope to finde leisure, so as to write the History of the Galenical Physitians, and their renowne; and the History of Mountebanks and bold Experimentators, with their infamy: you shall there see how unfortunate* Paracelsus *and* Phædro, *nay, even* Hartman *and* Severinus Danus *were: and even the modern Decrees against such as had a better Laboratory, then Mr.* Johnson *found yours to be. You understand not your own Writers, what they have taught; and must be your own Author: and I am not able to distinguish betwixt the Testimony you give of your self, and what* Odowde *or any such of your fraternity do aver in their behalf.*

I shall conclude with this asseveration, that I have writ nothing in reference to the Plague, Small-Pox, &c. *but what I am perswaded in my conscience to be true: and I will inform you now more then I had opportunity to learn before, that Phlebotomy in the Small-pox, even after they are come out, is the old English practice, directed by* Johannes Anglicus de Gadesden *in his* Rosa Medicinæ, *and* Gilbertus Anglicus, *almost three hundred years ago; and their directions are as positive and ample, as those I cite out of* Avicenna: *and I have spoken lately with many that have been blounded in the Small-pox with an immediate alleviation thereupon, and have been, as you would phrase it, radically cured.*

You are mightily pleased with your way of challenging us to a publick essay of Skill; but in that you render your self ridiculous, since you are so inconsiderable: For my part, I accept no more thereof, then I would do of a challenge from an Idiot, or an inmate of Bedlam: *and certainly you would think I had little wit, to make a journey to* London *from* Warwick, *or little to do, to answer you in such a Quarrel. We are in possession of our repute, our patients depose for our happy cures; and if you atchieve any, you cannot evince that they which recover are more radically cured, or longer-lived, then others under us. Were things as you represent them, we could not continue in vogue; the advantages your Patients would have over ours, would reduce the*

most

most obstinate and prejudicate persons to your party, the Court, City and Country would be your Theatre, and not a Stage in Smith-field or Tower-hill: your party hath not been out-talked, but out-done: and the Cures of Eraſtus in the most difficult Diſeaſes, tranſcended those of Paracelſus. Things certain and unqueſtionable are not to be brought to a tryal; and the petitions or demands of infamous lying Chymiſts are not to be liſtned unto: and the Laws for enſuring the lives of the Kings liege-people when they are ſick, are not to be infringed publickly: ſince you practice by Arcana, and illegal Methods, the Coroner or the Civil Judge ought to ſit upon you; and you muſt expect ſuch a ſentence, as is conformable to the ſence of thoſe who are legally to approve or condemn your Method and Medicaments: and to them I leave you. I hope to ſee all our Faculty under a prudent regulation ere long; but you muſt never hope to ſee me tempt God Almighty, by enraging an Adder, and ſuffering him to bite me: I wonder with what conſcience you ſhould invite me to ſuch a tryal: beſides, you may inform your ſelf that Adders do not bite ſo dangerouſly after they are taken, much leſs when they have been kept, as when they are free and wilde abroad: But I finde my ſelf wearied with the length of this Letter, and ſo dull an entertainment as your papers give me: if you have any occaſion for them again, you may command them at any time from me, who ſhall be to that purpoſe

Your humble ſervant,

Henry Stubbe.

Warwick, Nov. 4.
1671.

Animad-

Animadverſions on Mr. Stubbe's *Anſwer.*

IF any ingenious candid perſon pleaſe conſiderately to peruſe without any partiality the ſolid contents of my Letter, and this Sophiſters ſlight Anſwer thereto; I have reaſon to expect this Verdict from him, that my Adverſary is no other then an empty Tub, or ſounding-Braſs.

Thoſe ungrateful diſingenuous Galeniſts (who always reſiſting the truth, ſet this Brazenface on work deceitfully to oppoſe *Hæmatiaſ.*) contrived heretofore a ſcurrilous Pamphlet againſt a *veriloquous* Treatiſe of mine, (namely *A Chymical tryal of the Galeniſts*) and injoyned *Johnſon* their *Pſeudo*-Chymiſt to patronize it. However that ſtratagem would not take: for the great Defender of Truth deſtroyed both that Setter or Trapanner, and the *Spiritus Antiloimoides* publiſhed every week in the News-papers by thoſe Mountebank-like Runaways in time of that moſt raging Plague.

Next they procured Dr. *Knap*, an able Scholar, but as precious —— as *England* affords, one of the Galenical-Tribe, to conteſt with me experimentally. For his part, he cheated the Impoſtors who imployed him, not daring ſo much as to appear before me, though expected by a throng of Apothecaries and others, till after he had recovered of the Plague by my Remedies (*ex confeſſo*, according to his Letter now in my cuſtody) he came to give me thanks for the Food (Phyſick) I ſent him in his great diſtreſs: Notwithſtanding I ſtill ſuſpected this wretched Galenical Sycophant (relieved by me upon the account of Chriſtianity) would hardly change his treacherous nature implanted in moſt of that Sect (although he aſſerted quite otherwiſe, as his Epiſtle imports) which, according as my minde gave me, fell out, to the ſhame of that party.

Laſtly, now in this great exigence of theirs (having been diſappointed hitherto by their former Emiſſaries (not able to run me down) they have raked up and down to finde out this clamorous Tub, who makes a great noiſe to no true purpoſe, yet ſufficient (as they think) to amaze and diſturb vulgar Heads. This is one of the Serpentine Generation, worſe then that in his Relation, *&c.* either always cloſely ſupplanting the Truth, or openly reſiſting it: One of *John Lilburns* Pedigree or Race, who would quarrel even with himſelf, for want of an Opponent; perhaps the ſpawn of ſome Jeſuit; for ſuch an one he ſhould be, if we may judge by his hot, reſtleſs, litigious, ſophiſtical, cavilling, wily Brain.

I

I confeſs it hath pleaſed the Donor of all things to beſtow upon him notable endowments; but it had been better he had never enjoyed them, rather then thus to have reſigned the uſe of them to the Father of lyes.

'Tis pity but that the circulation of his evil deſignes (even to the ſecret animating and juſtifying Regicides) had ere this according to Juſtice been maturely ſtopt, by virtue of that Plant duly prepared, which infallibly cures ſuch Botches, Blains and Soars of the Nation.

Regium eſt cum benefeceris male audire.

Is it likely his Aſp-like tongue ſhould afford a good word for any virtuous action, that could utter no language of elaudation for ſo gracious a King? Although he ſeems to be a Convert now, we have reaſon to think 'tis onely out of a Sycophantical temporizing deſigne: *Ægrotat dæmon Monachus*, &c. Well, let him be as he is: I ſhall now make ſome Animadverſions on his impertinent Anſwer, no whit ſatisfactory to that principal thing I inſiſt upon, for the vindication of Phyſical Truth.

——— *Stubbe* upbraids me in *limine*, as guilty of *Arroganee* and *imaginary Triumph*; of which that I may acquit my ſelf, I ſhall condeſcend ſubmiſſively to any equal propoſals made by him or his Impulſors, tending to the ſolid and real detection of Medicinal Truth, without the leaſt *phantaſtical* boaſting therein, incident to all Dogmatiſts.

The Arguments ——— *Stubbe* infers ſignifies nothing to bear me down, that I ſhould *not complain of any incivility in his Writings*: *If*, ſaith he, *you conſider the language you have uſed againſt the Galeniſts, and method of Phyſick approved by the Edicts of Emperours, the experience of judicious Perſons, and ſucceſsfulneſs in my own practice*, &c.

Indeed I confeſs I have been downright in my expreſſions (*quatenus* veridical in the principal) to the Galeniſts, for which they hate me mortally; *Veritas odium parit*: However, I am ready to maintain the Truth thereof demonſtratively; which *Stubbe* like a *Tergiverſator* refuſes, uſing the liberty of his ſlanderous Tongue unworthily againſt the Art and my ſelf. If I have called him, or any other of that Society ———, and offer to make it perſpicuous practically (that 'tis no improper language I uſe) neither will they admit the evidence for the benefit of King and Subjects, I ought not to be reputed as guilty of contumelies either general or particular. Yet if they uſe ſcurrilous terms againſt me and the Science, neither will vouchſafe to prove that we deſerve them; I have good cauſe to complain of their *incivility* or *indignity*.

'Tis the unhappineſs of Emperours to be deceived by theſe Sophiſtical Wits, and too much to countenance them, frequently to the ſhortning the thread of their Lives. For all this, *Rodolphus* the Emperour had a greater inſpection then ordinary into Phyſical Truth; for he invited *Van Helmont* to be his Phyſician, likewiſe

gave him a rich Wife. Alſo *Lully* was for good reaſon highly favoured by *Edw.* 3. Moreover, *Butler* the Author of that rare Stone was exceedingly valued by King *James*. Likewiſe our preſent Soveraign hath to his glory countenanced Chymiſts, and will, I hope ſtill, for the preſervation and prolongation of his own life, encourage and protect the true Helmontian, which if ever he ſtand in need, muſt be the Phyſicians can ſuccour him, not the *Galeno*-Chymiſts, meer Calophants, Mimicks or mock-Chymiſts.

The ſucceſs he vaunts of is not worth a ruſh, unleſs he can make it good for the future, which he rejects. *Careat ſucceſſibus opto quiſquis ab eventu facta notanda putat:* Were they really *experienced Phyſicians*, they would give us ſome proof of their Skill; which when I allure or urge them to, they preſently fall into abuſive language, conſcious to themſelves of their own weakneſs.

The name of the *Author* —— (perhaps forged) *Stubbe* cites, is not the perſon that *expoſtulated and reproved him in relation to me*; therefore his extravagant diſcourſe tends nothing to what I aim at in predicting what fell out.

As for the contempt of my Book (*Miſochymiæ Elenchus*) directed againſt him, calling it a *Rhapſodie* made up of *Ignorance*, *impertinence* and *untruth*; alſo his vile eſteem of *Hæmatiaſis* as a *Pamphlet* (though licenſed) is no more a conviction that it is ſo, then the bare ſaying of the Countryman, *Thou lyeſt*, was a ſufficient confutation of *Bellarmine*. One comfort is, that black tongue of this Brazen-face is with diſcreet perſons accounted no ſlander.

As deſpicable as that Pamplet is (thus nicknamed by this *Scurra*) all the Nerves that —— *Willis* or his Aſſociates can exert, ſhall never be able to invalidate the experimental verity of that Book, which ſhall endure, when his trimly poliſhed Writings (the Fundamentals whereof were filched out of *Paracelſus*, and *Van Helmont*, without the leaſt acknowledgement of the Authors) ſhall become reprobate, and vaniſh into nothing.

Note what *Serpentine* undermining Wits, and *eminent ones too*, as I foreſaw, the *Vertuoſi* have fomented in their Boſoms. Theſe are the cunning Dogmatiſts that I verily thought would ſupplant and put a ttick upon the Royal Society, by ſpitting in the foul mouth of that ——, and clapping him on the back, that he might open more wide in his raillery againſt them.

Thoſe *Helmontian Principles* ſhall in deſpight of *Vatinian* Malice flouriſh, when the Name and Writings of the Galeniſts ſhall periſh; although their Study hath been, and ſtill is, to deprive the World of ſuch brave Souls by infernal devices, exerciſed by ſlanders, perſecutions, poyſons, *&c.* which to report exactly, will require a large Hiſtory hereafter to be ſet forth.

I'll depoſe —— *Stubbe* is unawares in the right, as to this particular, *That Truth is ſometimes overborn by a noiſe and a crowd*; otherwiſe the Galeniſts, and their deſtructive errours, had ere this been troden under foot, never to riſe again.

Thoſe *Baconical Ignoramus's*, if they catch this Brazen-face within their Precincts

cincts, will make him know they are no such men, and pump more civil language from him, yea *Stercorate* such a durty person, that he may fructifie the better hereafter.

The Epithet *Prudent* is ill appropriated by him to the Colledge: for had they not been Improvident and shallow in the knowledge of the issue of things, Physick had never been thus prostituted by that illegal Method (severely to be censured by the Magistrate, if the sad effects and products thereof were but clearly discovered) and intolerable fraud of prescribing.

—— *Stubbe* affirms, *he was no way hired nor mercenarily engaged to do what he did*, yet in the words foregoing he confesses, *he was oversway'd, and could not refuse them so small and inconsiderable an acknowledgement.* So then we may aptly collect, that he *underwent the most difficult Task in his life* (as he confesses in his Discourse) and laboured for a dead horse, having received his reward beforehand. This negation of his, and what follows, doth not cohere, neither is this Scene handsomely laid by him, therefore of ten times less credit then the *account I give of my self*; which if he please, he shall receive from the mouth of honest Witnesses: Neither do I desire this perfideous enemy of Truth to believe any Writings of mine, farther then my works testifie of me.

What a quoil doth this silly *Thraso* keep about a Doctorship! Let those *Asini Phalerati septum Artium*, call me what they please: For I had rather hear Good morrow *Thomson cum Arte*, then *Salve Doctor sine Scientia Medendi*. I wish the World could but see some of our grand Doctors uncased, 'twere as good as an excellent Comedie to behold what pitiful, simple, empty, ridiculous things (in relation to the Art of Healing) they would appear. Notwithstanding, I am so far for Degrees, Orders and Titles, where they are rightly placed, that to establish them, I have been a greater sufferer then most of our Galenical *Doxosophists*: yea, if any of them had been plundered, imprisoned, and left naked as I was, I question whether ever they could (having so small assistance from without) purchased a Degree *ex condigno*, according to the merit of that exercise I undergo went. Whereby, if this Infidel-like *Stubbe* please, he may be satisfied by my *Theses* (now to be seen) *de Apoplexia*, printed, published, and disputed *pro & con*, *An.* 1648. *Jul.* 14. *hora locoq; solito*, that I very well then understood the Galenical Physiologie, Diagnosticks, Prognosticks and Method, to the injury of Mankinde, my own repentance, and difficulty of unlearning the same. Although 'tis true, I was enforced to know the Wrong before I could comprehend the right way of curing; yet by my damage others will receive advantage, when they shall be ascertained that the Galenical course is plainly fallacious, so far from deserving an Universal survey, that it ought in the very Preface to be exploded.

My adherence to the legitimate *Helmontians*, placed upon the Stable foundation of cleer experience, is so firm, that the Father of lyes, and his beloved darlings, shall never be able to separate me therefrom till death.

Moreover, I must plainly declare, that *Van Helmont* (whom these stupendiously-ungrateful Galenists do vilifie and disown) hath taught them a far more effectual Method of curing (which some of them in a clandestine manner put in practice, yet will they not acknowledge it (which aggravates their unworthiness to the highest pitch expressible) then that useless bulk of innumerable antiquated Authors.

For the maintenance of whose reputation this Sophister minces, mitigates and allays those their mortiferous Actions of Bloud-letting, by certain exceptions, cautions, and provisions never intended by his ancient Predecessors.

Upon that account this *Terentian Davus* would make the World believe that *I understand not the effects of Phlebotomy, and what they designed in that Operation*; intimating as if they had some *Arcanum* therein (yet generally they renounce any such thing in their practice) if so, then I may very well be excused, as mistaken concerning the *effects of Phlebotomy:* Sith I cannot possibly be acquainted with their secret implicite intentions in that *Operation*, which they have enrolled so politically in the Treasury of the Monuments of their invisible Cures.

I am sure I have, according to those *Traditiones Artis*, as he calls them, published by their Authors, stated the Case so justly, that let him do his best to ward my Arguments, I shall demonstrate that Bloud-letting, as to the scope of evacuation or revulsion, is either palliative, injurious, or destructive to Mankinde.

For his Petulant, taunting, reflection upon so worthy, really honorable a Person, the Lord *Bacon*, he ought severely to be animadverted: And herein he shews his graduated impudence with his profound ignorance, in *offering to demonstrate by a thousand instances* (as he delivers) *the falshood in the relation and experiments of* that intelligent Philosopher, eternally separated from us; yet will not vouchsafe to accept of by me, here present, any one determinating sensible Essay or demonstration for the conviction of him and his abettors, that this perspicacious Lord was in the right Conception concerning the nature of the Sweating-sickness. Thus a Cynick Genius dare insult over a dead Lyon, whose vain fear of *tempting God*, and a pretence of *conscience*, or rather a base Pusillanimous spirit, will not suffer him to touch experimentally a living Viper; whether wilde or more tamed, there's not pertinent.

What follows this Thrasonical language against this noble Lord, is abominably false, as I shall instance in one particular (omitting the rest, to avoid Prolixity). *I juggle* (saith he) *matter of fact*, yet flies from it when I present it to him, as the Galenists from the Plague, or himself from a Viper. What *Hocus pocus* equivocation is this? he will, and he will not: notwithstanding all this is not to be admired as strange, sith this Satyrist can breath hot and cold at the same time, affirm and deny the same thing in a Moment, with applause of a Galenical Colledge.

Nay, if you please, farther; then will you finde his *matter of fact* turned into

matter

matter of *faith*: For this Mountebank-like [illegible] *Scribbe* depends now for the defence of a bad Cause upon the *depositions of unblameable Witnesses* (whose credit is valued no more by me then a Knight of the Post, till I see something done prudently) *the truth* (quoth he) *of whose Testimonies is warranted by all judicious Practitioners of this Age.*

'Tis strange I should not in so many years Physical Occurrences meet with these *judicious* Galenical *Practitioners*, who are able to warrant what they undertake for the life of the Patient. For my part, I cannot be otherwise perswaded by my senses, that they are any other then Good Guessers in Physick (as that vertuous King of late denominated them) So far are they from being judicious, as to the Prognosticks or prescience of the *exit* of Diseases, that 'tis very rare that they aim and hit the mark right in their predictions or promises how the Disease will terminate, or whether they are able to cure it or no in such a space; If they at any time touch the scope, 'tis rather by hap then any good cunning; witness their judicious Medicinal carriage towards Mr. *Colvile* a Gold smith (attended constantly by three of their most eminent Physicians, from nigh the very first rising of his Disease, to the setting of it and his life together) who was pronounced by them to be past all danger upon the fourteenth day of his sickness, whereas he dyed the next.

Their judgement is also notoriously appparent by two of their eminent Colleagues, one whereof frequents *Lime-street*, who kept their Sister-in-law, Mrs. *Hill*, about a year and half in a languishing condition, by means of their Feculent, Fraudulent Medicaments and flat Liquors; then at length (when they were mistaken, both in the kinde of her Grief, as likewise the direct prediction of the conclusion thereof) she was in her great distress forced to send for me, to hear my Advice; who after a due examination of the nature of her sickness, forthwith promised (upon an engagement of the loss of the price of those Remedies I should exhibite, of no reward for my labour, and the hazard of my credit) to restore her perfect Health, if she would condescend to be ruled. Upon this she listned to me in a tractable manner, till when I offered, among other Chymical preparation, a Vomit, she then seemed to refuse it, saying, Her Brothers did not dare to give her one for an 100 *l*. To which I replyed, If you will not trust my experience, follow your course. Whereupon she assented to take several of my Vomits, with ease and congratulation of her Friends. Now wanting nothing but a convenient space to compleat the Cure, I was prevented; a discovery of my person being made (for want of a watch-word from the servants) by one of the Brothers, who presently thereupon caused such a disturbance and discord in the Family (for admitting me (a Physician so Hostile to them) in this deplorable condition) that she was constrained to renounce my self and Medicaments, as too hot and strong. Hence she remains uncured to this day, three years past; but had undoubtedly ere this perished, had she not according to my counsel betaken her self to the drinking of strong Liquors; by means of which, as she acknowledgeth,

she

ſhe receiveth comfort. The Hiſtory, as very remarkable, I may hereafter ſet down more amply, but here I muſt ſtudy conciſeneſs.

To juſtifie how judicious theſe Galeniſts are, one of them living not far from *Leaden-hall-ſtreet*, got into his clutches (by means of one of their ignorant Plebeian advocates ſwarming in every place) a Patient, continuing in my hands leſs than forty eight hours, one Mr. *Viner*, a Gentleman of the age of twenty eight years, endued with a moſt ſingular conſtitution, then lying ſick of an Acute ill-conditioned Feaver at *Stepney*, in the Houſe belonging to the Bowling-Green, whom I ingaged to reſtore to his former ſtrength, if he would have been ruled by me. At the ſame time within the ſame Walls lay alſo ſick another Gentleman, Captain *Catesby*, forty years old, tyred out with adverſity, ſorely afflicted with a malignant Feaver, and a Patient of the aforeſaid Galeniſts for the continuance of four or five days, who not daring to give him a Vomit, in his great ſtraits implored my help, which I refuſed till his Phyſician could in no wiſe relieve him, apprehending him in a moſt dangerous, if not mortal, ſtate. In this difficult caſe I obliged my reputation for his recovery from his Peſtilent Feaver, withal promiſed, if he would be governed by me, to preſerve him from relapſe, or ſubſequent infirmities; which I brought to paſs judiciouſly in deed. The other Gentleman, kept to fulſome *Cacoſtomachical* Doſes, and flat dull Liquors, mouldred and dwindled away about three quarters of a year after; which had never been (as I can undertake, alſo effect in the like form of ſickneſs twenty times) if he had liſtned obediently to me. Note this ſlie Galeniſt was ſo effront to attribute (as I heard) the death of his Patient to my hot Remedies given him at firſt.

A Servant of a Noble Perſon had his Leg deſtinated to be cut off by theſe judicious Galeniſts, which by my Chymical Remedies was preſerved with the whole.

An ingenious Citizen tyed out by a long and a grievous Diſeaſe for the ſpace of a year and half, having ſpent nigh fourſcore pounds upon theſe judicious Phyſicians, who put him to run the circle of their tedious, fruitleſs method, again and again to no purpoſe, was in a ſhort ſpace reſtored by Remedies Philoſophically prepared, as Mr. *Stringer* the Apothecary knows.

One of thoſe Doctors gravelled in the aforeſaid long malady, bled a Pleuritical perſon twice in four or five days, without either judgement or mercy upon the poor Gentlewoman: when he attempted to let out the vital Juyce the third time, I intercepted him, warranting upon ſolid grounds to cure her Chymically, which was done effectually.

Multitude of ſuch inſtances of their weak *judgement* I could produce, which I muſt defer to a more happy opportunity, leſt I incur prolixity. 'Tis well known to ſome who have an eye upon my Method and Medicaments, that I every year cure with diſcretion thoſe whom the Galenical Judgement can in no wiſe alleviate. If they have atchieved, or can do the like for the future, let them declare it practically, with ſober and ſerious prognoſticks.

How

How Mountebank-like doth —— *Stubbe* boast of his generous Medicaments, yet dares not bring them to light, that we may see the probation of them judiciously; which I offer and frequently tender to them, but am still repulsed: *Veritas non quærit Angulos.* Although the Galenists are not such open Mountebanks as those *frequenting Smith-field or Tower-hill*, yet are they as close slie ones as any in the World: and had I time and leisure, I should manifestly shew how they are coincident, and directly suit one with the other in divers accidents and circumstances.

I hope some brave Zealot for truth will publish a Narrative of the *Galenical Mountebanks*, and their *infamous disingenuous ways*, about the same time when ——*Stubbe* writes a History of Chymical *Mountebanks* and *bold Experimentors*, as he threatens. For my part, I am equally disaffected to both (*there being in neither Barrel better Herring.*) Touching this lying Brazen-face his twitting me with the impudent actions of Mr. *Odowd*, I do protest that I never approved his illiterate rash presumptuous undertakings; neither did I ever countenance or favour him in any company, otherwise then civilly in relation to his Majesty, who was pleased to give him a kinde aspect, from a consideration of some notable Cures (as was reported) attained by him, which those *eminent Galenists* could not accomplish. Dr. *Sermons* had (for such a Reason) his Majesties Serene influence, and Sir *Richard Barker* was perhaps honoured upon the same score. If the King is pleased to cast an eye of Grace upon those vulgar inferiour Chymists, who have sometime *Out-done* the Galenists; what would he do (if he were rightly informed) for the Chymical Philosopher, who can and hath (if opportunity be not lost) opened a passage for relief, when the best of the Galenists were in a straight, knowing not what to do more? Witness the Cure, not long ago, of a great Lady of the Court, performed by Dr. *Godbard* (I mean not that *Ambidexter*, or *Affectator* of Chymistry) who in all likelihood lost his own life to save his Patients.

How the Galenical course can be *secure and beneficial*, if we may judge of a Tree by its Fruits, I do not in the least understand: forasmuch as I can make evident before any Judicature whatsoever, that the Method and Medicaments of these opinionated Galenists, are either positively or privatively dangerous. If I make good this (as I doubt not) then the obstinate Professors of such a false *Traditional Art*, contrary to the institutions of Nature, ought to be indited, and receive suitably a *condigne mulct*. For according to the Law of God, he who doth venture, *ludere cum Corio Humano*, sporting and applauding himself, as if he had done a brave exploit, *to kill a man with the best Method in the World, is bound to make good skin for skin.* Assuredly, seeing the Law of man either is or should be grounded upon the Law of God, and an execution thereof ought to be made on those who often violate the same; how severely will a wise, righteous Judge or Jury censure those, who plead innocence *ex dicto*, but dare not justifie it *ex facto*, respecting the future as well as what is past?

If any repute (as this Brazen-face affirms) *Chymistry no Art*, he ought to be looked

looked upon as one of a crasie brain, or desperately malicious, who will say any thing for his own interest, a meer *terræ filius*, who onely applies his studie to the Art of Imposture of getting money, preferring *Traditiones hujus Artis*, before the *Institutiones Dei & Naturæ*. Those *Anomalous Methodists* (who declaim against this Mistress of Arts) exercising an Art to make and spin out Diseases for their lucre, ought legally to be *proscribed*, as the Romans once did for five hundred years; and the true Methodical Chymist, who observes a speedy order (without sordid respects) in Healing, deserves to be entertained, encouraged and cherished. We hope Princes will not reject that Art, and the legitimate Professors thereof, which is the best support of their life. If any abuse this Profession, I readily subscribe that they may be punished: but let not those be Judges, who ought of all first to be reformed, and animadverted: for *Justum ab Injustis petere insipientia est*. Neither let paucity or scarcity of able Professors damnifie the truth of this Science.

The *Laboratorie* I then had, which that Emissary and Trappanner *Johnson* represented in a disguised contemptible manner to his *Masters*, I avow he never saw. Albeit, granting what he related should pass for currant, any sober man of knowledge will commend me, rather for offering and executing greater things by so contemptible Instruments, then those who boast of their Magnificent *Elaboratory*, yet fall off from vindicating the happy Fruits and Products thereof Experimentally.

Concerning what he meaneth, that *we shall see how unfortunate* Paracelsus, Severinus Davus *and others were*, I confidently presage will be most gross Lies.

Against his silly moth-eaten Authors he cites of *three hundred years standing*, I object that in this particular their Authority is out of date, neither are the oldest always the wisest. Moreover, the Scene of our truculent Diseases act different to what they did in former times, being much more graduated, in their virulencie complicated, become degenerate into others of a mixt Nature, and confounded in their Symptoms, able to deceive even the very Helmontians.

As to his pitiful story of *those who have been blouded* (as he reports) *in the Small-pox, with immediate alleviation*: I reply as he did, who viewing the Monuments of those in the Temple of *Neptune* having escaped shipwrack, demanded where the Monuments of those were, who were cast away. Were it possible those three illustrious Souls could come from the intelligible World, and appear here unto us, they would tell *Stubbe* another *Story* quite different from the former.

The Injunction I have from Divine Writ to contend for the Truth, *doth please me* (I confess) to *challenge* those *Thraso*'s to an *Essay of Skill*, who coming off with so pitiful an evation that I am Inconsiderable, makes them plainly ridiculous, worthy to be hissed at. For let my self be never so inconsiderable, yet any Sage Sceptick will allow Truth to be never the worse, though cloathed in rags. *Sæpe sub asseita latitat sapientia Veste*. A wise humble man will not think it amiss to be instructed from his very enemy never so mean; *Fas est ab*

Hoste

Hoste doceri. All things duly considered, *Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de Ponte negabit*; none but one of the Spirit of a Beggars brat, would slight what I offer for an universal benefit.

These poor excuses run directly parallel with a braving Hector, denying a Challenge into the Field, sent him from a modest wise man abused by him.

Although the Philosophical Chymist can work no miracles (as some foolishly fancie and expect from him) yet it may be reckoned one of the Wonders of the World, that the Chymical Art should get so much ground on its Adversaries in so few years, meerly by its own worth; considering what a *Vogue* the *Misochymists* have had formerly among the multitude; also what an infinite number of all sorts, if interested persons, have contumaciously pleaded and defended their unjust Cause: so that *Divisum Imperium cum Jove Dæmon habet.*

For all that, 'tis plain they have lost a great part of the former possession of their *Cæmeteries*; and many intelligent persons daily fall off from them; yea, I question not, but at length they will quite be thrown out of all, although they pretend to have eleven points of the Law on their side.

What *Stubbe* describes that our Party hath been, *not onely out-talked, but outdone by theirs*; as likewise, that *the Cures of* Eraſtus *transcend those of* Paracelsus, is *Decumanum Mendacium.* For as to his first assertion, I am ready to offer to contradict and out-do them; which they dare not put to tryal.

Touching the second, the Bishop of *Salisbury* hath sufficiently informed us by an Epitaph of a Catalogue of Diseases (reputed by the Galenists incurable) overcome by *Paracelsus Arcana.*

Stubbe threatens a prudent Regulation of their Faculty; I wish I could see it, but I suppose it must be done (if ever) by the Authentick Chymist. I also hear a rumour of a new Dispensatory coming to light; I hope some *Culpeper* will not be wanting to correct and comment upon it. I wish their new Fabrick be laid upon the Basis of Righteousness; which I much doubt, sith the groundwork thereof is too much placed upon Galenical principles, a most sandy foundation.

Pardon me, courteous Reader, that I have insisted so long upon the sharp reproof of the vanities and untruths of this Adversary of the Chymical Science. I should not question to have made you amends, could we but have drawn this Mountebank-like or Quacksalvering Galenist to an experimental Stake. It would make rare sport to see how the Chymical Mountebanks and Quacks would hate him, if he could not make good his *Hypotheses* for Bloud-letting.

Wherefore seeing I cannot, at present, bring him to any handsome terms, so that a *Specimen* of his activity of Curing (he glories in) might be manifested: I leave him to those like himself. So let them fight Dog, fight Bear, when they meet one with another.

I shall onely add this Caution, that those Plagiaries would desist for the future, to steal useful verities out of *Paracelsus* and *Van Helmont*, yet ungratefully and disingenuously to detract from, and disown them, neglecting to commend the Stile or Bridge they pass over. For 'tis an infallible truth, No fixed great Disease can be cured, but by the Method and Medicaments proportionable to what that great Philosopher hath delivered.

A Vindication of the Authors Stomack-Essence, *and other effectual Remedies, from the slanders and active ignorance of the Galenists.*

THat the greatest enemies (which have hitherto calumniated, yea, at this day do defame, supplant, and hinder the advancement of this beneficial most useful Chymical Science, as likewise eclipse the credit of the true Philosophical Defenders of the same) are the meerly interested, obstinate and wilfully blinde Galenists, is a truth as clear as the beams of the Sun no way intercepted.

The pretty pranks these sophistical Wits have play'd out of a designment to suppress the happy progress of the Helmontian Doctrine, would make a man sometimes laugh with *Democritus*: To look no farther then their ridiculous Apologies, Excuses and Pretences, if at any time they are provoked to fair Tryals for making good the Axioms of their Art: To contemplate their childish evasions, when they are *Non-plust* in their natural Philosophy, not able to satisfie any Intelligent person: To observe their *Vulpone*-like windings, intrigues and nimble diversions, when physical Truth follows them closely at the heels: To hear them chatter like Magpies, without any savory, solid, practical information to the Hearers: To discover their Stellionated and counterfeit Devices, in making the World believe, that they are the onely true Chymists; yet they renounce and rail against the best endowed Artists: To hear them magnifie their Bleeding and Pharmacie, yet to leave the City in Plague-time to shift for themselves; would make any Splenetick Person break forth into a profuse laughter. But to weigh seriously their Mortiferous Bloud-letting, their Poysonous Purgations (melting and reducing poor Mortals too soon to their first Principles, whereby their very souls are sometimes damnified): Their way of weakning Nature, and strengthning Diseases: their crucifying, torturing, Butchering, yet ineffectual course, by Issues, Blisterings, Scarifications, &c. their endeavours to stifle any good Remedie, if it square not with their own particular vile respects: To apprehend affectuously how many thousand poor Orphans and Widows are yearly made by these perverse Sectaries of *Galen*, one who I believe was far more ingenuous than his Disciples: to ponder, I say, these things from the very bottom of the intellectual part, were sufficient to cause one to lament and weep bitterly with *Heraclitus*.

How these *Misochymists* have opposed all virtuous actions in Healing, how

they have ſtill kept down, by their uſurped authority, thoſe who would willingly ſtand up for the health of the miſerable ſons of *Adam*, is not eaſily to be expreſſed by the tongue of any Mortal.

All their ſtudy hath principally been, to defame, detract and traduce thoſe Worthies, *Paracelſus*, *Van Helmont*, the Lord *Bacon*, &c. to wrangle with them, to pick holes in their coat; to examine with ſtrict inſpection their humane failings, but ſlightly to paſs by and diſregard their extraordinary gifts, and manifeſtation of *Arcana*'s zealouſly communicated to poſterity; by which theſe ungratefull Perſecutors of this Science are enabled to do ſomething extraordinary covertly, for the keeping up their tottering Credit. Yea, ſo malicious are the haters of phyſical ingenuity, that they would, if poſſible, ſtifle any generous Medicament (not ſquaring with their filthy lucre, lazineſs and grandeur) which the Wiſe Diſpoſer of all things hath beſtowed, as he pleaſeth, upon thoſe *inconſiderable* (in their Blear-eyes) and contemptible Chymiſts, for greater benefit to mankinde, then the huge Pile of an ignoble inſufficient Diſpenſatory, contrived by vulgarly admired, over-valued Doctors. So full of rancour and malice are the Galeniſts againſt the upright *Pyrotechniſts*, that a *Jew* never hated a *Samaritan* more then they do theſe; yea ſuch hath been the deſperate ill-favoured deſignes of a Dogmatiſt againſt a Chymiſt, that (πόλλας δ' ἰφθίμους ψυχὰς ἄϊδι προϊαψεν) many a generous Philoſopher hath for the ſtable avouching the Virtues of Chymical Remedies made of *Tartar*, &c. been in danger to be ſent packing to the *Tartarean*-ſhades: Yea, ſo Cynick-like envious are they, that imitating the Dog in the Manger, they will neither labour to do good themſelves, nor ſuffer others.

If an honeſt Mr. *Job Hyal*, a ſingular Phyſician, and accurate Apothecary, have by his induſtry acquired the knowledge of an efficacious preparation, (as *Lac Sulphuris*) they preſently cry out of it as Poyſon, fitting to be thrown into the Kennel.

If Dr. *Godhard*, one of their former Sociates, obtained the happineſs to have revealed to him the powerful Operation of ſome *Volatile Alkalies*, which Cure beyond their weak non-ſenſical Method and Medicaments, they preſently excommunicate and endeavour to out-law him.

If a Learned Dr. *Starkey* prepare an *Anodyne* Pill, or any *Arcanum* to lenifie poor Mortals grief, they and all their Clients are preſently in an uproar with *Oeclamitations*, that he is a dangerous Phyſician, either quickly killing or curing.

Now it hath pleaſed the Omnipotent *Philanthropos* to impart to the meaneſt of his Servants the knowledg of this helpful Remedy, the *Stomach Eſſence* (and ſeveral other not vulgar Medicines) they are ready in ambuſh upon all occaſions to backbite, diſeſteem, carp, cavil and condemn them, as too hot, ſtrong, dangerous and violent. All which they will have ſimply believed, without farther probation: In the ſame manner, as if one of the ſame Trade ſhould depretiate, vilifie, or d[illegible] another Shop-keepers Commodities, yet refuſe to juſtifie, by the Touch-ſtone of ſenſible examination, before a lawful Magiſtrate, the diſre-

pute

pate falsly brought upon anothers Wares; certainly none ought to deny, but that he who doth deal so unworthily in this kinde, deserves to be forced in a legal way, to give satisfaction to the wronged party.

This is all in chief I expostulate and demand of the Galenists, that they would forbear unhandsomely to impeach my Medicaments according to their own perverse Opinions, Suppositions or Phansies, and crazie Conceits of their Populars, without a right, judicious, visible, legitimate proof: That whensoever they injuriously call me Mountebank, or Quacksalver, or animate the more ignoble sort of Apothecaries, (for some of the gentlest, ablest, best Artists, are more civil and handsome towards me) so to do, they would in earnest reflect upon themselves, deliberately pondering who hath most aptly purchased these scoffs and taunts? They who in time of the Plague ran away, leaving *Spiritus Antiloimoides* (to which they did not dare to trust themselves) a very insufficient Medicament, as I am ready to demonstrate, against such an *Atrocious* Disease) (as it plainly appeared by its effects, upon their Mock-Chymist, *Johnson* and others) to be published in the Weekly Intelligence, as if it were some rare *Arcanum* working Miracles; whereas it was but a meer *Meteor*, so vanished away, never to be heard of by them, or seen to this day: Or this inconsiderable Baconist, who with confidence, and utmost care, attended all infected persons that came or sent unto me, poor as well as rich; administring with my own fingers such appropriate Remedies (without hanging out a Bush, or setting any one to make an out-cry of their Hyperbolical Virtues) which at this day I patronize (as they are described in *Loimotomia*, or Pest dissected) ready to produce them for their vindication experimentally from the malice or ignorance of all Opponents.

Let those also who have got the best of their practice by means of a Theatrical concourse of Vulgars, make a query in cooler Bloud, when at any time in their furious passion they vent against me the foresaid invective undecent language, *an de Ipsismet fabula narretur*, whether they may not rather take themselves by the Nose, setting the Saddle upon the right Horse, then mount ——, get up and ride openly into *Smithfield* or *Tower-hill*, and forbear to go any more into A —— Corner.

Let them moreover canvase who of us have been the *truest friend to the sick man*, keeping up the honour and reputation of Physick; the Doctors, who have vilely venditated it by their prophane prescriptions; yea, have suffered to be put into a Frame, or pasted up, and to be publickly exposed to all Passengers, Medicaments (perhaps so trivial and mean, as the foresaid *Spirit. Antiloimoid.*) approved and licensed under their Seal; Or *G.T.* who hath always been prudently tender to bring any such Infamy upon Physick.

All things thus duly premeditated, I know no reason but I may without scandal to this eminent Science, bring to light decently for the solid benefit of my distressed Country-men, some noble Remedies, especially this comfortable *Stomach-Essence*, declaring sincerely the singular endowments thereof for the health of man, as I have by manifold repetitions of tryals found to be true.

The

The Vertues hereof I shall transcribe out of *Hæmatiasis*; setting them down here more plainly, that meaner capacities may understand the use or application of this Remedy, which although one of my lowest rank, is able explicately to baffle divers of *H. S. Quacking generous Medicaments.*

Notwithstanding, first I must give warning to all intelligent men, that the ignorant, rash, envious censures delivered by —— *Stubbe*, and the rest of the Galenical Tribe, with all their Sticklers, to wit, that *Eff. St.* is Preternatural, or effectively too hot, strong, dangerous and violent; are absolute untruths, to be discovered by the Test of offered experience. If then they refuse the probation of its innocence, the Father of Lyes ought to be believed as soon as such his Disciples.

Wherefore I signifie that it exceedingly strengthens the Stomack, helps its Digestion, encreaseth and makes active the Vital Spirits, and their instruments by which they work (called Ferments) rectifies the Spleen, scatters and expels Wind, Vapours, or any wandring wilde Spirit, which flies in a moment from one place to another, vexing the parts. It sweetens in some measure the sharpness of the thin liquors in the body, which oftentimes causes pains, fevers, &c. It subtilly enters the Veins and Arteries, being carryed about with the Bloud, which it very much cleanses. It carries off to the outside whatsoever is impure, causing a kindely breathing in the skin. It also causeth Urine, conveying Gravel from the Kidneys, hindring that it may not be engendred and fixed. It is helpful in difficulty and pain of making Water, coming forth sometimes by drops. 'Tis of great service against pains of the side; the Colick; Griping of the Guts. It is a very great Cordial, preserving from fainting, and restoring those who are surprized with loss of Vital Spirits. It is very effectual to keep one from, and to cure Surfeits. It is very powerfully good against the Scurvy, or any poysonous ill-conditioned infectious evils. It prevents and helps to cure all kinde of Fevers. It quencheth the thirst to an admiration, above all supposed cooling things whatsoever: (So that a Gentleman, Mr. *Sa. Wainwright* in *York-shire*, hath given it under his hand, that he was perfectly cured by means of this *Stomack-Essence* of a strange preposterous thirst, troubling him twenty five years after Meat; which he could never before conquer, for that it came Hereditary from his Father and Grand-father, afflicted therewith all their lives time, especially towards night.)

It bringeth Preternatural heat or coldness to a due moderation, by removing the efficient Cause thereof, reducing the parts to their former strength. It is available against Fits of the Mother; the Whites. It dissolves congealed, curdled Matter; ripeneth Raw Juyces, bringing them either to a better condition for the use of Nature, or preparing them to be sent packing out of the body, by convenient ways and medicaments. It abates a nauseous Disposition or Vomiting, by confirming the Membranes of the Stomack, and by promoting the throwing off that which disturbs it. It cutteth and cleanseth away slimy Birdlime-like Flegme; giving ease in difficulty of breathing, mitigating the violence of the Tissick. It is admirably useful against Melancholy imaginations, passions from the Spleen, &c. called

called *Hypochondriack*: an evil ſtate of body ariſing for want of proportionable Nutriment, or from Galenical Medicaments. It availeth againſt the Dropſie, or Conſumptions. The frequent uſe thereof ſtrengthens the Brain, Sinews, Loyns, Memory, and all the Senſes.

Stom. Eſſ. outwardly applyed, challengeth noble effects: For 'tis very Healing, Balſamical, curing green Wounds and plain Soars, being often touched therewith. I have hitherto found, it conſtant in happily curing Burnings, Scorchings or Scaldings; ſome drops being frequently diſtilled thereon, and forced inward by the bottom of a ſmooth Glaſs.

I cannot but experimentally commend it as one of the beſt aſſwagers of the pain of the Teeth, I have hitherto met with. It is alſo of great force to preſerve them from corruption, likewiſe in part to reſtore them; reſiſting the putriaction of the Gums.

Neither is it be contemned for the mitigation of the pains of any part, ſtrengthning and quickning the Vital Spirit thereof.

With many more laudable properties is *Stom. Eſſ.* or *Alexi-ſtomachon* endued, which the frequent uſe thereof, and a longer ſtrict obſervation, will bring to light.

One odd Operation I have found in this *Stom. Eſſ.* that by accident it ſometimes cauſeth Vomiting, *&c.* upon an account that it powerfully corroborates Nature to diſcharge foul matter, which before kept it under ſubjection.

A Patient of Quality did within a few days hence relate to me, the ſtrange effects in this kinde it had upon him: Being brought to the Gates of death, and tyred out with a Galenical courſe of Dyet-drinks, Salt of Steel, purging Medicaments of *Mercury*, *&c.* he took ſome few drops of this *Alexiſ.* ſix or twelve hours after which, he was freed from abundance of filthy Excrements, both by Stool and Vomit. Thus continuing to take more freely of the ſame Medicine, producing for many days the ſame effect, he was in great meaſure reſtored from the ſad impreſſions of thoſe *Cacoſtomachical* preparations.

The quantity to be given, is meaſured by the greatneſs and ſtubbornneſs of the Diſeaſe: for ſometimes ten or twenty times as much as the common portion, ought to be offered: neither is it to be feared that any hurt will ariſe therefrom.

The ordinary Doſe, or extent of giving it, is twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, ſixty drops in a draught of any ſtrong Liquor, as Beer, Ale, ſeparate or mixt; ſometimes Wine, as Sack, or whatſoever doth beſt reliſh with the perſon. It may be taken at any time when the Stomack is out of order, troubled with Indigeſtion, Wind, Pains, Gripes, or any of the foreſaid vexations; then let them take liberally thereof. He that conſtantly takes every morning thirty or forty drops, ſhall prevent many miſchiefs in reference to his Health.

I doubt not but the *Galeno*-Chymiſts or *Pſeudo*-Chymiſts will like Apes endeavour to imitate and counterfeit this experienced *Eſſence* (which before I am convinced by Fact, I ſhall preſume to preter before any Medicament of its rank, yet viſibly extant among us). Of ſuch I ſhall adviſe my Countrymen to beware,

for

for these Adulterators will but disgrace and degrade it; for I am sure none can finde out the true way of making it, unless he be a knowing Philosopher, working with his own hands, and taking Preparations into his own Stomack. Thus much I advertise; He that dextrously can volatilize Salt of *Tartar*, may do something tending to this purpose, otherwise not.

He that desires to be farther instructed concerning the defence of the Virtues of this *Effect*, and the disproving of what is spoken against it by Malevolents; let him read with integrity the just commendation of it in *Hæmatiasis*, &c.

Indefatigable perseverance in opening Bodies by the Fire, and the repeated Assumption of what was thence produced, hath brought me to the knowledge of a Pill I call *Polychrest*, which consists of three Golden *Sulphurs* from Minerals well purified, and friendly to Nature; whose innocence, as well as effectual Operation, is remarkable, and upon tryal to be justified by any who understands a good Remedy. They are conducible in most Diseases. They act by cleansing, opening, corroborating and purifying the Bloud, without leaving the least ill impress behinde, for they contain no laxative so noxious as *Sena* or *Rewbarb*. They are of great force to conquer the Scurvie: also prevalent against the Dropsie. They prevent the Stone, and carry off Gravel. They sweeten sharp Liquors in the Bodie. They overcome the Venereal or foul Disease, if taken a considerable time: neither is it to be suspected, that one may be weakned by the long frequent use of them; for they, contrary to other purging Concretes, make one more lusty and vigorous, as I have found in my having taken above a thousand of them with an advancement of my strength. They reform the Spleen; help to cure Feavers, prevent Relapses and long Maladies.

They may be swallowed at any time of the day or night; neither will they cause injury, but rather benefit, if they loosen not the body in twenty four hours, which is rare, for usually they give a stool or two in that space.

The Dose is two or three Pills a little before Supper, or early in the Morning. The Patient proceeding thus for three or four days, and resting a day or two, and then repeating them.

Tinctur. nost. Emetica, is profitable in all Malignant Feavers, in the griping or looseness of the Belly, difficulty of Breathing, pain of the Sides, Headach, Diseases of the Stomack and Spleen. It leaves the Vitals more cheerful and active. It matters not whether it work or no by vomit or stool; however, it will do good by breathing sweat, or causing urine, if the party be capable. It may be given a week together, at any time of the day or night. I often give it in bed.

Pul. Emeto Catharticus is profitable in many Diseases (as *Emetica Tinctur.*) It searches out the Morbifick matter, leaving wholesome Juyces untouched: when other Vomits are given in vain, this profiteth.

Pil. Emeto Cathart. are useful for the same Diseases, as *Pulvis Emeto, Cathar. Polyacea, Tinctura Solaris* or *Balsamica*, are great supporters of Nature, and tamers of Malignant Fevers; they go into all parts, illuminate and augment their Archeus or Vitals. They carry off by Swear, Urine and Expectoration. There are few Diseases which will not somewhat yeild to these Cordials, if exhibited in a just proportion.

Elixir. Proprietat. nost. resists Putrifaction, opens the Spleen, helps Digestion, purifies the Bloud: It is very cordial, expels the *Mustrua* stopped, and gives a check to them flowing excessively. It is most efficacious to cause an easie and speedy delivery in difficult labour of Women. Its Dose is from ten to an hundred drops or more in strong Liquor.

With several other salutary Remedies could I acquaint the World; but now I must desist, hoping God may spare my life till the Edition of my Physical Observations: the History, Cause, and Cure of three Cholick-stones, of a vast unwonted magnitude: also the History of the *Ex. lion* of the Spleen out of a Dog, that lived two years and a quarter after very lively and well; with sufficient reasons to back the experiment: The Diseases of the Spleen, with preservative and Curatory Instructions of the same. Lastly, a *Synopsis*, or Abridgement of *Loimotomia*, the dissection of a Pestilential Body; all in Latine, wherein *Materia Medica* and its Philosophical management shall be more amply examined. I intend likewise, when I have vacant hours, to put ——— *Stubbe* his Reply into a Retort, &c. and if he put me to it, to write a Narrative of the tedious and absurd Method, Medicaments, and Impolterous Cures of the Galenical Mountebanks.

From Queens-street, *formerly called* Soper-lane, *nigh* Cheapside, *in* Well-court; *being lately removed from* Dukes-place.